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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sermons.

NO. XXIII.

THE CONQUEROR AND HIS REWARDS.

REVELATION ii. 7. To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the Tree of Life.

In that part of the Mediterranean sea, lying between Europe and Asia and called the Archipelago, is a multitude of small islands. One of this group, more remarkable than the rest, is twenty or twenty-five miles in circumference. The aspect it presents, is extremely waste and unwelcome. Indeed, if you except a few vallies of a milder character, its features are formed of precipitous cliffs, the wildest crags, immense masses of rock, and mountain caves. The modern name of this island is Patino: in those ancient times, to which I would this morning direct your attention, it was called Patmos.

To a scene so dreary, the Roman government were accustomed to exile their criminals and prisoners of state. In the year ninety-four of the Christian era, sixty-one years after our Lord overcame, and ascended to his Father's gift of glory, John, the writer of the Revelation, was banished by the emperor Domitian,—banished to this inhospitable coast.

It has been questioned by some, whether this John were the beloved disciple, the author of the gospel bearing his name, and of the three catholic epistles: several scholars of extensive research have expressed themselves as somewhat doubtful. It is the more prevailing opinion, however, that he was the apostle and evangelist, and that he there recorded this series of prophetic visions in the year ninety-six of the Christian era. Even at the present day, the inhabitants show you a grotto, called the Hermitage of the Apocalypse, in which according to tradition he received these mysterious communications.

This story, I presume, is a mere fiction or traditionary tale, deserving little or no credit. The only account, which the writer has himself transmitted to posterity, is the following: I John, your brother, and sharer with you in enduring the affliction of the kingdom of Jesus Christ was in the Island called Patmos, on account of the word of God and my testimony to Jesus. I was in the spirit on the Lord's day; and I heard behind me a loud voice, as of a trumpet, saying: What thou seest, write in a book, and send to the seven churches in Asia; to Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamus, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea.

What the spirit proclaimed to these individual communities of Christians, it is not my present purpose to repeat. Long since have these communities ceased to exist. The golden candlesticks are removed from their places, and the stars are extinguished. The purpose I wish to accomplish this morning, is as applicable to you as to them. It is applicable to all the churches and individuals of Christendom. It is to answer these two questions: *Who is he that overcomes?* and, *what are the rewards that Christ will give him?*

My first inquiry is, *Who is he that overcomes?* Who is the Christian conqueror, the victorious follower of Christ, the triumphant soldier of the cross?

In the seven churches of Asia, he was a person of the following character: One who suffered the malice of persecutors, and forbore to retaliate; one who met the fury of idolatrous opposers with meekness and patience; one who endured imprisonment and even martyrdom, like the faithful witness Antipas, with fortitude and heavenly composure. He abhorred and shunned the impure practices of the Nicolaitans. Revering and loving the Supreme Being, he preserved his worship of him pure and uncorrupted. That Savior in whom he believed, he endeavored to resemble. He saluted him as his master; and whatever course that master required him to pursue or to avoid, that course he pursued or avoided, as if like John he heard a trumpet voice commanding him from heaven. Daily subduing every unchristian passion, daily christianizing the affections of his heart, he became more and more prepared daily to put off this earthly covering, his body, and to have his spiritual principle, the soul, invested with the robe of immortal life. Like his perfect exemplar, he laid aside every weight, that might impede his progress. With the strong energy of Christian resolve, he cast from him every sin that would easily entangle his footsteps. He ran with patience the Christian race; that race marked out for him by his Supreme Disposer. He looked to Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith. Like him, for the joy set before him, the faithful Christian of Asia endured the trials and crosses of his probation; he overcame their power; and, blessed be the Father of mercies! he is now seated at the right hand of the throne of God. Such was the victorious Christian, in the seven churches of Asia, during the first century.

And *who is it*, my hearers! *that overcomes* in the present age? in the 19th century? Living in a Christian country, you find the circumstances of the Christian faith much improved. You are not exposed to imprisonment for conscience sake: you are not exposed to martyrdom on account of your belief. Even that illiberal or persecuting spirit, which you may sometimes have witnessed or experienced, you have no reason to consider formidable. That spirit resembles the frozen adder. its influence is most venomous toward those, who give it warmth and hospitality. Occasionally, indeed, its hisses may be heard by others; but, in this land at least, its fangs are effectually removed. The viper may fasten upon you; the bigotted may stigmatize you as a destroyer of souls; the superstitious may expect to see you pursued by divine vengeance,—swelling or dropping dead; but if you are a true Christian, a son of peace, you will shake off the serpent into the fire and feel no harm.

Still, my friends! do not indulge the imagination, that you have no enemies to overcome. Your enemies are numerous and powerful; they are unrelenting and indefatigable; and unless with a mighty hand and outstretched arm *you* reduce *them* to subjection, they will assuredly make *you their* slaves: not only will they prove destructive of peace, but frustrate all hope of reward. These foes I need not enumerate, nor describe the crushing servitude they impose: I would rather comprehend them all in one. That GRAND ENEMY, without whose co-operation all others are powerless,—who will tell me his name? Ah! seek him not in the desert; seek him not in the deep; not in heaven, not in the abyss, but seek him in yourselves—in your own bosom. Behold, therefore, the awful prerogative of man,—man the master, man the accomplisher, of his fate. Are you true friends to yourselves? The gates of hell shall never prevail against you. Are you false traitors to yourselves? The gates of heaven will admit you to no asylum,—will afford you no protection or security. Here you perceive the course of wisdom, which it becomes you to pursue: Whatever you detect in your characters, your disposition or life, hostile to yourselves, prejudicial to your best interest,—that evil you must overcome, that enemy you must exterminate from your borders. If you are your own kingdom, be not divided against yourselves. Suffer no murmurings of discontent to arise. Quell all symptoms of rebellion in their first ferment. Dismiss all vain imaginations from your heart forever. In that heart, that central point of your dominion, consider Him to be enthroned, who is your Supreme Disposer,—all wise, all-gracious, almighty. To this universal monarch be reconciled. Submit your undiscerning will, your wayward wishes, to his paternal love, infinite wisdom, and unlimited power. Welcome the mediator, bow to that authority which he proved to be divine, and conform unreservedly to his commands. Thus overcoming yourselves, confiding in the Sovereign of the universe, and striving to follow the Savior he sent, you will come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him who loved you.

Such is a brief answer to the first question proposed: *Who is he that overcomes?* Who is the Christian conqueror, the victorious follower of Christ, the triumphant soldier of the cross? The number is diminutive, I still fear, who exemplify this power of faith among you, the number who merit this honorable distinction; but some of you, I trust, are pressing forward to the attainment of such faith and loyalty, conquest and triumph. The number would be much more considerable, I imagine, would you often dwell upon the recompenses promised to the victor,—the joy set before him. To contend for a prize so glorious,—how worthy of the immortal mind!—not to strive for a corruptible crown, but for a crown of glory, unfading as eternity is unending.

II. This prize, His crown of glory, brings me to the consideration of my second question: *What are the rewards of victory?* What are the recompenses of time and eternity, which Christ bestows upon his victorious soldier of the cross? upon him who subdues himself, tramples upon sin, and pursues the path of holiness, unwearied and undeviating, even to its end in heaven?

Listen to his own voice; that voice of mystery, resembling the sound of many waters, and heard by the banished apostle amid the desolation of Patmos. It came on his ear and heart with the sublime energy of eternal Truth: To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the Paradise of my God. The primitive pair transgressed the commandment of their Maker. They became subject to death, the penalty of disobedience, and were expelled from their 'clime of immortality.' They were not only expelled from Eden, but their Creator placed cherubim, with flame-brandishing swords, to bar access to the Tree of Life. The primitive pair died, in consequence of sin, and their descendants yield to this universal appointment. But, behold! I have 'regained the blissful seat.' I have removed the cherubim and their swords of flame, which turned every way and forbade approach. The Tree of Life is not dead. Oh no: It stands rich and magnificent in undecaying verdure. Its boughs extend beyond the sea, its branches beyond the rivers; it rises to the heavens in glory; its leaves are for the healing of the nations; its golden fruits hang inviting to the world,—bright in the sun of righteousness: I give them to all, who love their appearing; to all who long for their flavor of heaven; to all who struggle to win and welcome them. Such, to him who overcomes, is my first reward.

Again, hear the voice of Jesus proclaim: He that overcometh, shall not be hurt by the second death. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rising from your first death, which is the death of sin, faithful to the cause of truth, faithful to *yourselves* even unto death, you shall suffer no injury from dissolution. Nay more: so far from experiencing harm from this change of being, so far from fearing annihilation or misery, you may anticipate not only existence, but a destiny beyond imagination more glorious: I will give you the crown of eternal life. This is the second reward.

Listen again to the sweet voice of the Savior: To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the hidden manna: I will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which no man knows but he who receives it. As Moses preserved a golden urn of manna in the most holy place, within the second veil of the tabernacle, so shall you, after your pilgrimage, be admitted to the innermost mansion of heaven: you shall participate in the highest and most mysterious enjoyments of the place. As white stones are used as symbols of acquittal, and black stones are employed as symbols of condemnation, I will give you the white stone of pardon and impunity. I will impart a *more* glorious bestowal: As victors in the Grecian games had white stones given them, as 'warrants to receive their prizes,' I will both reward you for victory, and give you a new name, a new elevation, a new, more exquisite, and unimagined delight,—a delight which 'no one can know but he who receives and enjoys it.' You shall taste the manna of divine Providence, during your forty years in the desert; and after you reach that better country, the promised land, you shall taste the hidden manna of heaven. The white stone of assurance shall comfort and encourage you here; your new name, the riches of God's goodness, shall fill and expand your soul in the ages of eternity. This is your third reward.

More rewards remain. Listen to the voice of the Son of God: He that overcometh, and performeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations;—and I will give him the morning star. As Christian conquerors, victorious over yourselves, you shall exercise a powerful authority over the world. You shall be lights to your species, illuminators to mankind. The influence of my religion, if felt in your own bosom, will diffuse itself to others. It will be an agent of miraculous efficacy. It will be both mild and mighty; mild and beautiful as the morning star; but mighty through God to the overthrow of strong-holds; subduing the violence of the unrenewed heart; casting down proud and impious imaginations; levelling with the dust every high thing, which exalts itself against knowledge and duty revealed; and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of me. Such is my gospel,—its divine splendor, its supernatural might. And such is my fourth reward.

Hear again the messenger of the Most High. Not only in the caverns of Patmos, even here does he proclaim in the sanctuary of his God: He that overcometh, the same shall receive a fifth reward: He shall be clothed in white raiment: I will by no means blot out his name from the book of life, but I will acknowledge it before my Father, and before his angels. Do any of you keep yourselves unspotted from the world? Do you conquer even your strongest propensity to vice? Your robe from heaven shall be white and pure. So far from blotting your names from the book of life, like the names of the remiss, the lukewarm, the unholy, I will confess them before assembled worlds,—before Him, who is a rewarder of those who assiduously seek him. I will proclaim your vigor, your faithfulness, your victory, and great shall be your reward,—even the mysterious garment of immortal life.

Listen again to the Divine voice; Him that overcometh, I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out no more; I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which is coming down out of heaven from my God;* and I will write upon him my own new name. Are you serving under my banners? Are you maintaining a good combat? Are you keeping the faith? Pursue your victory. Triumph over foes within, and foes without. Thus persevere to the end, and I will make you denizens of heaven, irremoveable as pillars in the temple of my God. That kingdom shall be yours, your eternal home. I will inscribe upon you the name of my God, under whose guardian providence you obtained the victory. I will inscribe upon you the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, to which you belong. I will inscribe upon you my own new name, Redeemer, a name above every name, to the glory of God the Father. Mine you are, and mine you shall be, while faithfulness is rewarded and eternity endures. Such is my sixth reward.

Once more, listen to the seventh reward; listen to the voice of him, who has obtained his new and exalted name, and who would persuade you to secure the same divine favor. As he proclaimed to the seven churches of Asia, he now proclaims to all who have an ear to hear, a heart to hope, a soul to resolve, a hand to perform, and a heaven to gain: To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and sit with my Father on his throne. What more animating encouragement can I offer you? The same species of exaltation, with which my Father recompenses my victory over life and death, though less glorious in degree, I promise to you. If I could do nothing of myself, and he enabled me to accomplish my mission with triumphant success, imitate my example, and repair to the same fountain of Sufficiency. Seek not your own will, but the will of your Disposer. In all your trials and conflicts, remember me, and be filled with faith, hope, and love. If you love me, observe this commandment of mine; remember me in the memorial of my death; overcome your timidity; conquer your irresolution; be alive to the perception of your ingratitude. Make this remembrance of me, this communion with me, one means as I designed it, of overcoming yourselves, of overcoming the world, and of attaining to the recompenses I promise. Behold! I stand at the door, and knock; if any one hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he shall sup with me.

Thus my hearers, I have answered the two questions proposed: Who is he that overcomes? and What are the rewards of victory, which his commander promises to give?

My friends, he who was commissioned to be your exemplar, saw and felt, that the course appointed to him and his followers, was meant to be a scene of trial and combat; that your way to the mountain of Life lay through the valley of the Shadow of Death. He experienced himself the inspiring influence of faith and hope,—that is, confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his Father, and the joy of the glory placed in his power. These alleviated the weight of hard, though triumphant warfare; these nerved him to the performance of the duties of his mission. He was pledged, therefore, to offer *you* the same invigoration of faith, and the same encouragements of hope. To you that overcome, as he overcame, he proffers the same Tree of of immortal Life; the same freedom from the terror and hurt of the second death; the same hidden manna of holy enjoyment; the same white stone of victory; the same new name of heavenly elevation; the same reforming controul over mankind: the same morning star of promise, beaming on the heart; the same unsullied garment of the soul; the same enrolment in the Book of Life; the same confession before God and angels; the same citizenship, the same everlasting mansion, in the celestial city; the same throne of victory, triumph, and glory.—These are the recompenses of the Christian conqueror. O my hearers! are they not worth contending for? are they not formed to inspire you with irresistible energy? It is true,—trials are before you: yes, war and battle; the rumor that forebodes, and the reality that comes; the blast of the trumpet, and the life struggle with the enemy; these are all appointed to you. Still remember, O remember with inspiring assurance, that the struggle will soon be over; the confused sound of battle will soon die on the ear; the silent rejoicing of Christian victory will come; the peace of God which surpasses all conception, will descend upon your heart like the dew of heaven; O remember the consummation of all: a sweet voice,—nay, more, ten thousand, ten thousand times ten thousand voices, will salute you from on high; Come up hither. The storm of time is passed; and lo! the stars are brightening above you. Welcome to your home. Welcome to the peaceful calm of eternity. Victorious spirit! welcome, welcome to the sacred rest, remaining for the people of God.

* This repetition of the phrase, my God, made by Christ, must be considered as very remarkable,—especially by Christians of the Trinitarian faith.

A village preacher thus opens a sermon on the Resurrection.

'Christ is risen!' Such is the greeting in Russia on the morning of Easter-day. In the great city of Moscow, and throughout the whole country, when two friends meet on this morning, one of them says to the other, 'Christ is risen!' Among all the customs I ever read of this to my mind is one of the most Christian and most beautiful. It is the seeing the resurrection of Jesus Christ in its true light, not as a fact which we are merely to believe, because it is written in the New Testament, without thinking or caring much about it as a piece of good news to ourselves which we cannot help speaking of for joy. What the Russians then have said to each other on Easter-day for hundreds of years, let me now say to you; with a joyful and thankful heart, 'Christ is risen!'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PRISONS—AND THEIR CONVICTS.

Among the many subjects of philanthropy which have engaged the public attention, that of *Prisons* holds a high rank. Though perhaps the influence in this channel may have been secret, and scarcely perceptible amid the many more engrossing subjects of Peace, Temperance, Slavery, and Politics; yet we rejoice to know how great have been their results. Since the days of Howard, Venning, and Fry, the march of improvement has ever been onward—in its regard to the construction of Prisons—the physical condition and comfort of of their inmates,—and above all, their *moral* and *religious* well-being. To this last has the public attention of late been especially directed, and it constitutes one of the noblest features of our times. Faithful and devoted souls have been enlisted in the glorious work of reforming our Prison-convicts. We speak here from personal knowledge of such who, from Sabbath to Sabbath, visit the prison at Charlestown, and break there the bread of life;—who, in the spirit of their Divine Master, know the worth of the soul, though found in the most degraded being,—in the savage, the convict, or the slave,—who come in his spirit of sympathy and love, preaching to 'Spirits in prison,'—as angels of mercy to unloose the prison doors of sin, and let the oppressed go free.

In such labors may the philanthropist well rejoice. But though much has been thus done in behalf of the spiritual condition of our prison-convicts, there yet remains more to be done. We must give farther reins to our philanthropy, and extend wide our chain of sympathy. We must be with the convict when the light of freedom first bursts upon him. We must take heed that the wide world upon which he then enters, is not still a prison to him. For we fear that such an unwelcome entrance is the portion of many convicts. We fear that they are still treated as convicts, and as outcasts from society,—that for them the wilderness does not smile, nor the desert blossom as the rose. They go forth from their gloomy cells with reformed hearts, and the purest resolves to maintain an honorable rank in society;—but meeting with no friendly sympathy or aid, and mocked, as it were, by the gay smiles of Nature, they sigh again for their former captivity, and find there their only Paradise upon earth. And, to accomplish this object of his desire, the convict again enrolls himself upon the Criminal Calendar,—too oft, like the unclean spirit of Scripture, 'going and taking to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.'

Is not such, we ask, too frequently the history of the returned convict? To examine the fact more minutely, we will suppose a case. A young man has been committed to prison on the charge, we will say, of burglary. His parents both died in his infancy, and being thus early deprived of home, and its salutary influences, he was entrusted to the care of this and that relative, as chance or convenience might suggest. Thus consequently deprived of all fixed principles of morality and virtue, he soon became the victim of evil associates. And thus, step by step, ascending from one crime to another, he is finally committed,—a convict for prison. While there, he first reaps the benefit of religious instruction; and, at the expiration of his sentence, goes forth into the world,—a purer and a better man. But he goes forth a rudderless ship upon a stormy ocean. For he has no near friends whose aid he can solicit. They have all deserted him. It is his anxious endeavor, however, to procure some honest livelihood. But in doing this, there is one of two alternatives to which he must resort. Either he must rebel against his conscience, and utter what is false, or else remain in idleness. For when naturally questioned by his employer respecting his last place of service, and whence he came—should he reply *from a Prison*, his application in all probability must be at once rejected. He certainly can lay no claim to priority or preference above the other applicants. In such extremity, and not enduring to be alone, he must seek his companions, most certainly companions in idleness—most probably, in vice. With such he soon buries his unhappy thoughts—and, again experiencing how fearfully easy is the road to ruin, soon becomes worse than before, and is again an inmate of a Prison,—most probably to his heart's content.

Perhaps we have stated an extreme case. But we doubt not that it is one of frequent occurrence upon our Prison records. For it is such *want of early religious instruction*, as we have described, that, above all other causes, has filled the gloomy walls of our Penitentiaries. And for such cause it is that the convict deserves our pity. And now that he is just going forth into the world, faithfully instructed in religious wisdom, and fully convinced of the error of his ways,—has he not an especial need of our sympathy and aid? Yes. Here is a noble call for our philanthropic exertions. We must see that these religious principles are not blighted in the bud by the damps of worldliness and neglect. With holy resolutions they now seek the world's welcome. Let it not, O let it not be to them a frown. No. Let us take them by the hand, and encircle them in a brother's arms. Still are their souls as of much value in the eyes of their Almighty Maker. And these must have an influence upon society for weal or woe. Angels in Heaven must weep or rejoice over them. Let *us* then, share in the responsibility of that influence. Let *us* take heed that these souls are not forever consigned to infamy and ruin.

Such, it seems to us, are some of the feelings with which we should regard the penitent convict, in his entrance upon the world. And we believe that in this age of philanthropy, the 'sighings of the prison will not come up' in vain,—that his wandering eye will no longer meet with the chilly frowns of his fellow-man, but every where with his smiles of sympathy and love,—that these will no longer be confined to his condition *within* his dungeon walls, but will go forth, and mingle with the gladsome air and sunshine which greet him on his day of freedom.

Let then, this field of philanthropy be cultivated. Let either a society be organized for this purpose, or let it come under the cognizance of the many Reform Societies, whose object it is to raise up the low and degraded penitents in society. Or better, we think, let the *Prison Discipline Society* extend its arms of benevolence a little farther, and examine into the prisoner's condition, when his world of freedom opens,—(which they, perchance, may make a world of usefulness, or a world of crime,)—that thus they may become at last the blessed means of 'bringing a soul out of prison, and 'delivering it from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.'

C.

AFFECTION FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom in her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns; who even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart crushed, as it were, in the closing of its portals: would accept of our consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overflowing burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved soften away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No—there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! —the grave—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every sentiment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimony of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshhold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with the conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, and every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Washington Irving.*

For the Register and Observer.

RETZSCH'S SKETCHES OF SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

(*Concluded.*)

[Translated from the German.]

No. 40.

The tumult is over,—the waves of popular rage are laid, minds are softened. Might and reason have arbitrated between the government and the people. Peace has returned, and is solemnly celebrated by the ringing of bells. The finishing of the bell unites accidentally with the celebration of peace. The wish of the poet,—'Peace be its first sound,' is fulfilled. On account of the indispensable connection of the series of sketches, and the production of a fitting conclusion, it was necessary to bring to view here the pious wish, wherewith the poet closes the whole poem, and to suffer to follow this sketch, the deep, soul-engrossing reflections, which the poet places after the aspiration for peace.

No. 41.

'And this be henceforth its office,
Whereto the master formed it!
High above the low earthly life,
Shall it in the blue tent of heaven
Hang, neighbor of the thunder,
And bound the starry world, &c.'

Statues of the seasons, in mixed series with the powers led by the hours, in the second sketch, surround the belfry, which cannot be wholly seen by the spectator, on account of his situation. The figure of Christ with the banner of victory, and prayed to by angels, stands above, as the Lord over all time, and human destiny. The starry heavens, which the light clouds that wander round the top of the tower, permit to appear, surround. On the left, shoot lightnings out of the low masses of clouds. The moon rises above the city, lying deep below in night; ruling, it stands high risen, to judge the doings of men; for below, on the frontispiece of the dome, the last day appears in bas relief; the trumpet wakes all the sleepers. To the right and left begins the sifting. Michael and Lucifer combat the good and bad principle around Psyche, on whom finally, the light of heaven, reconciling and illuminating, streams down. The embellishment of the frontispiece is significant;—life shooting from death, climbs upwards to Heaven.

No. 42.

With the dance of the Hours, begins the cyclus of these fancy sketches. The constant circle of the seasons, brings on the end of all transitory things; thus this sketch seems to round off the whole, and to be for an explanatory transition to the last. Mighty rules the Genius of Time, in colossal proportions spreading over all, only in part appearing above the globe, which the seasons with the zodiac below them, circle in continual flight; at his right, a world in its origin, at his left, one consuming;—an emblem of his creating and destructive power.

No. 43.

Perpetually flows the stream of time, ruining and annihilating all the works of man, all that is earthly. A century has already passed over the dome, from which the bell saluted the living, mourned the dead, and resisted the lightning. Only ruins testify the place where it stood, and luxuriant shrubs hardly permit the cracked bell, half sunk in the earth, scarcely known by its embellishments, to be seen. Wherever the eye wanders, it perceives the traces of all-destroying time, and the melancholy images of decay. That once firm castle on the distant mountain has fallen,—broken by storms lies that oak withered on the ground. Fragments of walls give there sparing knowledge of the dome, which here, in distant times, fast founded, shone grave and lofty for a century. Even the monuments of sleeping generations have, to one already half sunk gravestone, on which a mother with two children is sculptured, vanished. On the left, the eye perceives, scarcely visible, the fragment of a chapiter, whereon carved, appears Atlas bearing the world, which also is in fragments. On the right, half sunk in a marsh, ruins project, on which the image of time itself is demolished. The bell, cracked through the touching word, 'Concordia,' shows the image of the founder. The pale light of the moon illuminates mournfully the scene.

And as the peal dies on the ear,
Which mighty clanging resounds,
Let it teach that nothing continues,
That all things earthly are but a sound.

[From the Christian Reformer.]

RECEPTION OF DR CHANNING'S SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS IN ENGLAND.

The fanatical frothings of the bigoted Editor of the Protestant Journal, (Rev. J. Cumming,) humbly recommended to the Editor of the 'Christian Reformer,' by the publisher of Dr Channing's Sermon, preached before the Sunday School Society.

14, *York Street, Covent Garden.*

'The Sunday School; a reprint of an American Tract. This sermon denies the total de-

pravity of man, the deity and atonement of the Redeemer, blasphemes the great mystery of godliness, the doctrine of the Trinity, and consequently approves the act of the Jews in having crucified the Lord of life and glory, because that he being a man, made himself God. (John x. 33.)—We wonder why the publisher should have sent it to us.'—*Protestant Journal, June.*

For the Register and Observer.

Dear Sir,—In a late Register the following paragraph occurs:—'Jesus Christ is the only Savior of sinners. The gospel means are the only means of salvation. If, therefore, it can be proved from the Bible, that Christ will exert his power in the future world, to save those who are not saved by him here,—who died impenitent—and that the Gospel means of salvation will there be used with them to bring them to repentance—then, indeed we may well indulge the hope that all will finally be saved. But if this cannot be proved, then, we cannot, authoritatively, indulge any such hope—it would be impious. *For without holiness,* says the infallible word, *no man shall see the Lord.* And it further teaches that no sinner can become holy without *genuine repentance—through reformation.*'

I have quoted this paragraph for the purpose of asking a question or two, which I hope some of your learned correspondents will answer. Nothing is more common than to hear Unitarians assert, that the wicked will be ultimately restored to virtue and happiness in the future world. If this will be the case, it must be on the supposition, that the *future world, like the present,* will be partly *retributive,* and partly *probationary,* as hinted in the above paragraph.

Is there any evidence contained in the Christian Scriptures, or fairly deducible from them, that the future state of man will be partly *retributive,* and partly *probationary?* For if the wicked shall there be placed in a state of probation, which they must be if they are ever restored to virtue and happiness, would not the same reasoning prove, that the sincere disciple of Christ, who at his *best estate is imperfect,* will also be placed in a state of *discipline and probation,* that he may thereby attain to higher degrees of holiness and virtue?

It would be very interesting to the present writer, and no doubt to many of your readers, if these questions were fully and fairly answered. May I hope that you will insert this communication in an early paper?

PHILANTHROPOS.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

In an article, entitled '*Locke and the Transcendentalists,*' in the last Christian Examiner, the following passage occurs:

'There is more point than truth in the saying of Coleridge, that we cannot understand Plato's ignorance, but must be ignorant of his understanding. How far is such a remark applicable? Is the intellect of every author so much superior to that of his reader, that every want of understanding between the two, must necessarily be ascribed to the latter? Do not cloudy minds sometimes belong to men who write books, as well as to those who read them? Do not authors now and then indulge in wilful mystification? The plea is a very convenient one, but it proves nothing, because it proves too much. Jacob Boehme might have used it, as well as the plainest thinker that ever lived.'

This is part of a paragraph in which the writer speaks of the '*insufferable arrogance* of the new school—shown in the plea, by which all objections to their philosophy are commonly met; that men do not understand the system, which they presume to criticise.' It is unfortunate for him that he should comment so boldly, in such a connection, on 'the saying of Coleridge.' Let us hear what Coleridge says.

'In the perusal of philosophical works, I have been greatly benefitted by a resolve, which, in the antithetic form, and with the allowed quaintness of an adage or maxim, I have been accustomed to word thus; '*until you understand a writer's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding.*' This *golden rule* of mine does, I own, resemble those of Pythagoras, in its obscurity rather than in its depth. If, however, the reader will permit me to be my own Hierocles, I trust that he will find its meaning fully explained by the following instances. I have now before me a treatise of a religious fanatic, full of dreams and supernatural *experiences.* I see clearly the writer's grounds, and their hollowness. I have a complete insight into the causes, which, through the medium of his body, had acted on his mind; and by application of received and ascertained laws I can satisfactorily explain to my own reason all the strange incidents which the writer records of himself. And this I can do without suspecting him of any intentional falsehood. As when in broad daylight a man tracks the steps of a traveller, who had lost his way in a fog, or by treacherous moonshine; even so, and with the same tranquil sense of certainty, can I follow the traces of this bewildered visionary. *I understand his ignorance.*

'On the other hand, I have been re-perusing, with the best energies of my mind, the Timæus of Plato. Whatever I comprehend, impresses me with a reverential sense of the author's genius; but there is a considerable portion of the work, to which I can attach no consistent meaning. In other treatises of the same philosopher, intended for the average comprehensions of men, I have been delighted with the masterly good sense, with the perspicuity of the language, and the aptness of the inductions. I recollect, likewise, that numerous passages in this author, which I thorougly comprehend, were formerly no less unintelligible to me, than the passages now in question. It would, I am aware, be quite *fashionable* to dismiss them at once as Platonic jargon. But this I cannot do, with satisfaction to my own mind, because I have sought in vain for causes adequate to the solution of the assumed inconsistency. I have no insight into the possibility of a man so eminently wise, using words with such half-meanings to himself, as must perforce pass into no-meaning to his readers. When, in addition to the motives thus suggested by my own reason, I bring into distinct remembrance the number and the series of great men, who, after long and zealous study of these works, had joined in honoring the name of Plato with epithets, that almost transcend humanity, I feel that a contemptuous verdict on my part might argue want of modesty, but would hardly be received by the judicious, as evidence of superior penetration. Therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, *I conclude myself ignorant of his understandidg.*'—[*Biographia Literaria, chap.* xii.]

We quote this passage from Coleridge, not merely to show how it has been treated by the writer in the Examiner, but also and principally for its own sake. We should witness less of arrogance and dogmatism, on all sides, were this *golden rule,* so clearly explained above, more generally observed. He, who neglects it, not only fails to be just and candid, he endangers his own progress very seriously. When a writer—no matter to what school he belongs, has given us a new truth or placed a familiar one in so clear a light that it acts upon our minds with all the freshness of novelty, ought we not to regard him with a degree of respect which forbids us to charge him with nonsense and absurdity at the first appearance of unintelligibleness in his writings? We take up a publication, Mr Emerson's recent Oration, for instance. We find some things which we not only comprehend, but we confess that they are expressed with unusual strength and beauty. But there are other parts which we do not understand. The easiest way is to suspect that the writer himself knows not what he means. But is it the safest for our charity, our justice, or our improvement? A decent feeling of human respect suggests the presumption that one, who has said so many and such excellent things so well, not only has a meaning in these dark passages, but a meaning which, if we comprehended it, we might confess could not be expressed more happily. We are not defending 'the new school.' Let them speak for themselves. But we have felt ourselves moved to say a word in behalf of what seems to us the simple cause of common candor and humanity.

For the Register and Observer.

CONVERSATION IN SCHOOL.

NO. 4.

Pupil. I hope we shall be among the wise and active, and, if you have any difficulties for us to conquer, we will not shrink from them.

Teacher. I am glad to hear you say so: you will soon think nothing impossible, which others have accomplished, and will leave the foolish and slothful far behind.

P. I am sure other people have done many things I can never do.

T. If you earnestly desire, and try to do any thing which has been done, be assured, you may succeed. I have heard that the little word *try* pressed itself so forcibly upon the mind of Mr Raikes, when he felt the desire to benefit the poor children he saw sunk deep in vice and misery, that to it we are mainly indebted for our system of Sunday schools.

P. I frequently try to learn my lessons, and to be steady and good; but sometimes, when I try the most, I am sure to fail.

T. The story of Robert Bruce and the Spider is familiar to most of you, and is illustrative of what may be gained by perseverance.

[*One of the pupils related the story.*]

T. But the greatest of all helps in your difficulties is *prayer.* I know a little boy who once felt much distressed at having a long lesson which he thought it impossible to learn by the appointed time; his desire was great to get the highest mark for it, and he obtained his wish: his mother asked him what means he had taken to succeed? he whispered to her 'Mother, last year, my Sunday school teacher told me that God likes the simple prayers which children make for themselves better than any they can learn, so, last night, I made a prayer, and said in it, 'Father, I wish very much to say my lesson perfectly tomorrow—wilt thou help me to remember it?' 'I have said my lesson correctly, and obtained the highest mark; do you think that God hears me?' His mother told him it was not necessary that God should interfere in so trifling a matter; that what he desired earnestly enough to pray for, he would be likely to find energy enough to accomplish. You may be sure the mother blessed the judicious teacher, and felt that the spirit of prayer had been implanted in her son.

We will now return to the subject of shells, from which we contrive to escape very frequently.

P. Do you wish us to learn the names of the genera and species? The long list I have seen in a book on Conchology, looks very difficult.

T. It is not my intention to task your memory at present in this way. I am most anxious to excite your curiosity, hoping you will be stimulated to study the subject for yourselves.

P. Then you will tell us just enough to make us interested, and no more.

T. Not so; I shall always be ready to assist you. The book of nature, ever open before us, is inexhaustible, and when your minds are sufficiently excited to pursue, unassisted, any particular study as a matter of taste, I can easily refer you to another. You will find in almost any book on conchology an explanation of the different parts of shells; and as I have shown them to you, you will be likely to remember them. The names applied to the univalve division of shells, are somewhat different from those of the bivalve; the shells themselves are quite different; you see some of them have an aperture so large that the animal within would not be sufficiently protected from its enemies without a door; this useful appendage is fastened to the foot of the animal; thus, it has the power of closing the opening, and lying as snugly in its house as any of its bivalve brethren. The name given to this door is operculum; it is sometimes horny, in other instances, testaceous.

P. What is the meaning of testaceous?

T. Shells are testaceous when they are composed of a large proportion of animal matter with carbonate of lime; crustaceous is a term, sometimes used, and may puzzle you; it is applied to those shells which are cast, that is, when the animal grows too large for its shell, it throws it off, and makes another, perhaps a new one, every year; this kind of shell has an epidermis or skin, which is a preservative to the shell, and is always attached to it. The inhabitant of a porcelainous shell has the power of softening its outside, and increasing its size to suit its occupier; the animal possesses a mantle, which it throws over the shell, to protect it during its soft state; on this account, such shells are said to be internal.

P. That seems as if you meant, the shell was in the animal, instead of the animal being in the shell.

T. It implies that the shell is or may be enveloped in animal substance; if not by the animal itself.

P. That is very curious: do the mantles remain with the shells? do we ever see them?

T. They are attached to the animals; consequently, they would share their fate when first taken.

P. How are the animals got out of the shells?

T. They are thrown into boiling water, when they shrink, and are taken out easily.

P. What shell do you think the handsomest?

T. The cone is very beautiful; when the epidermis is removed, it presents a surface highly polished, with a great variety of spots, stripes, and clouds of delicate colors. I have read that a single shell of this kind has been valued at five hundred dollars. The nautilus is also a delicate, beautiful, and interesting shell; the animal is not well known; you have seen the shell divided so as to display the interior, which has a number of apartments, in the largest of which the fish is supposed to live; the others are filled with water, or are empty, as the creature is disposed to swim or sink; to its foremost claws it has a thin membrane attached, which it stretches out between them, and it serves for a sail; its other claws it uses for oars, and the tail for a rudder; thus, it sails about on the surface of the ocean, and when a storm or an enemy approaches, it fills its cells with water, and down it sinks to its fathomless home.

P. We cannot tell what kind of a home it meets with there.

T. Perhaps, could it speak, it would say—

'Come with me, and we will go—
Where the rocks of coral grow.'

But there are wonders enough to occupy our minds above water: we need not be anxious, at present, to dive for curiosities. I can show you that, occupy yourself as much as you may, your education can never be finished. The more you know of what is useful and good, the more you will be stimulated to exertion; at last, the spark of divinity within will increase until you feel that you assimilate to the Great Original of all, that for this you were created; then, as your knowledge increases, your hearts will be filled with perfect love; all dross will be expelled; purity, holiness, and joy, must be the happy termination of life, spent in the earnest search of knowledge through the works of Him who will reward you with immortality.

P. What are some of the wonders of which you speak?

T. Without departing from the study of shells, and the animals which inhabit them, you have an inexhaustible stock, which is continually receiving an immense accumulation of new species: and what may we not expect as the result of the South sea expedition, the noble aim of so many enlightened persons, who have no counteracting pursuits to damp their energy, to whom time, talents, and opportunity, are given, to make perhaps the most important discoveries the world has yet known.

P. What discoveries are they likely to make?

T. I cannot guess. We already know birds that are weavers, and almost philosophers;—some that are called politicians—insects that are regular warriors and slave-holders;—some that are good masons; and others which seem to think a little; a fly that has a saw and a case to put it in, which he hides when danger approaches, and pretends to be dead; a kind of bee, that cuts rose leaves into curious shapes, to make the cells in which she lays her eggs, and rolls up a leaf to make a stopper for the openings; a bird also, called the tailor-bird, that spins the thread from the cotton it finds, with which it sews large leaves together for the purpose of concealing its nest. The first paper in the world was made by wasps, and the first raft by a spider; thus, you see, God has not only given to *man* the power to build, and to form, and imitate his maker; but he has given to all the animal world, power and ability to provide for their own wants, and habits of industry, which fill the intelligent observer with profound admiration, and the idler with shame and mortification. Your attention has been directed to what are generally called the meanest of God's creatures: (*mean* is a bad word, and should not be applied to any of the works of God;) when you make the nobler animals your study—your own beautiful frame,—the cause of the intellect which sparkles in your eye, and elevates your feelings so sublimely, you must tremble and fear to do wrong. Falsehood can never pass the lips, deceit will be a stranger in the heart of the pure lover of nature, who sees God in all things.

'I read his awful name emblazoned high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky,
Nor less the mystic character I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.'

I trust that these conversations will not only give you a taste for superior pursuits in literature, but that they will have the blessed effect of inducing you to act in all things, with a view to obey One, who, you are now convinced, has so much power; you see also that his power is used to promote the happiness of the beings he forms, and that to have a wish in opposition to his will is unwise for your own sakes.

P. We may not always know what is right.

T. I once knew a child, as young as you are, who, if in doubt as to the correctness of any action, would study the character of Christ, and, upon finding no exactly similar case, would say, 'Mother, how do you think the good Jesus would act were he in my situation?' Put this question frequently to yourselves, and your consciences will be sure to answer correctly.

MATER.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER

Mr Editor,—I saw in your paper a few weeks since a letter upon some difficulties of Scripture Interpretation. It may be a question whether the style of that letter was the most prudent that could have been selected. But there can be *no* question it seems to me as to the importance of the subject to which it referred. There is at the present day a crying want of light upon the Interpretation of Scripture. The popular mind is awake and active upon this subject as well as upon all others. Accounts which have heretofore been taken literally and without question are now looked upon by many with some incredulity to say the least. This spirit of Inquiry cannot be checked by any human authority, and we thank heaven that it is so. Let the Bible be tried as it were by fire. For in the end we believe this will lead to deeper and more rational convictions of Religious truth. There are, to be sure, many devout Christians who having their faith established upon firm and sufficient grounds do not allow it to be shaken though they meet with great and perhaps to them inexplicable difficulties. Yet even *their* faith would doubtless be more thorough and abiding and hence more practical, were these stumbling-blocks removed from their path. But I have now more particularly in mind that large class of persons who are commonly called men of the world, and who view the whole subject of religion with comparative indifference. They are conscious that their lives fall far short of the requisitions of the Gospel and are therefore eager to seize upon anything that may tend to weaken the authority of those requisitions. Now while they regard the Bible as probably most christians do regard it; an apparent absurdity in Genesis or Canticles will serve their purpose as well as anything else. If the thoughtless and worldly are satisfied for instance that Balaam's ass never spoke, this is sufficient with them to throw discredit upon the whole Bible and to make them skeptical even as to the miracles and divine mission of Jesus Christ. Thus it will often be found that men who lead irreligious lives attempt to defend themselves on the ground of some such difficulty as I have alluded to. Nay, candid and sensible men, who cannot be called irreligious, but who have not time or means for studying the Sacred Writings critically, are often staggered in reading them by what appears an obvious absurdity, and are hence led to neglect the whole matter.

If these things be so (and I think no careful observer can doubt it) all possible exertions should be made to spread abroad among the people such enlightened views of the Bible as shall tend to free it of its difficulties. Every Christian minister should, I think, direct much of his attention to this particular point. Thus may he hope to render the convictions of the pious and well-meaning part of his hearers more sound and more rational, and thus will he be likely to deprive the worldly of many of their pretexts for religious indifference and scepticism.

R.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES.

LETTER III.

My Dear W——n,—The history of the Church in one of its broadest aspects, has been a history of speculative controversy. It is a subject of curious and thoughtful interest to trace the spirit of controversy in its mutations, its rise and decline, its effects. The view presents us with many a sad picture of humanity, and many a revolting exhibition of Christianity. Each successive age is characterized by its distinctive point of dispute. The speculation of one period, is supplanted by the new topic of the succeeding period. Controversies divide and subdivide themselves, and scatter their exciting elements over every quarter of the globe, when they become modified by the peculiar predispositions of the people. The mere reveries of the cloister, when introduced into the town, agitate the multitude, determine them to a division; and that results in hatred, tumult and blood, which primarily was the topic of playful discourse on the part of brother monks, amid the quiet of the Priory. An importance is attached to every controversy, which also passes away in the oblivion of that of which it was the offspring. Men are consigned to the ignominy and gloom of a dungeon at one time, for that in consideration of which they will receive the honors of an apotheosis in another. The supposed practical tendency of the point in dispute, is that which has given controversy its chief zest. Good men have worked themselves into a passion, have hurled anathemas, and unsheathed the sword, for the practical bearings of points so subtile, etherial, and impalpable, that with the utmost tasking of our faculties we are hardly able to understand the meaning of the terms employed. The warmest controversies have generally been based on propositions the most unintelligible; perhaps from the plain fact that that which is intelligible all can understand, and it allows little room for dispute. Christians in their apologies for Christianity would fain make the sceptic world believe that their controversies touched on minor points, while they were fully agreed on the great points of faith and practice. This representation is, I doubt not, in a large measure, the truth. Still it must be confessed, that oftentimes these diminutive points when brought directly before the eye have served to obscure the wide region of harmonized thought, and that men have entered into them with all the resolution and concern of the weightiest matters.

Controversy always has prevailed, and, without doubt, it will continue to be prosecuted, while the human mind retains its inquisitive nature. But how shall error be treated? This is the great question, and one, I will not say, unembarrassed with difficulties. In an earlier age the maxim was, destroy the man and you destroy the error. Hence death was the remedy. The rule of a later period was, silence the man and you silence the error. Hence imprisonment. In our own times it is supposed if you cast out the man you cast out the error. Hence excommunication. Still men think and think, they speak and speak. Their brain and tongue are lawless as the winds of heaven; and perhaps always will be. There is the controversy between the Christian and the Infidel; between the virtuous Christian and the vicious worldling. These are eminently practical controversies, and should be pursued till, by all proper means truth and virtue reach the ascendant. But my remarks apply to those speculative controversies, which have sprung up in all eras of the Church, between *good men,* between confessedly pious Christians. How idle have these been in their extremes, on the one hand, and how vainly have severe measures been called in aid to crush them on the other. For myself, I have more confidence in human nature than I have in all the controversies that ever existed. The heart of man invigorated and sustained by Christian principle has survived and will survive the storms of controversy; it has lived and will live though predictions of ruin lower over its destiny; it has descended unharmed from the dizzy heights of victory, and has arisen untarnished from the lowest depths of defeat.

I see I am too tardily approaching what I designed for the leading topic of this letter, the speculative controversies of the present day. I must omit to add more respecting controversy in general, lest the consistency of my paragraphs oblige me to superadd beyond what your patience will excuse. One subject of dispute is waning from the religious mind, even in our own memory, I allude to the doctrine of Election. From some observation, and a pretty extensive enquiry, I learn that this doctrine is rarely preached in the Calvinistic Churches; or if preached, it is so modified as to retain scarcely any vestiges of its former self. Yet very many persons have told me that they were formerly led to believe that their only hope of salvation was in the doctrine of Election. A willingness to submit to this doctrine was but a few years since, regarded as one of the most striking tests of Christian character. It would amuse as well as pain you, to hear some of the anecdotes that might be narrated in this connection. But I do not care to perpetuate the strange ideas that tinctured the belief of the generation before us, whose religious character as a whole we so much venerate. I do not say that the doctrine has been abandoned as false, but only that its influence on popular sentiment is fast declining. How long indeed before it will be revived I will not venture to foreshow. It is the fate of most controversies, after a suitable absence, to reappear again, in their proper or in an assumed guise.

The controversy which has more particularly enlisted our attention, and which has formed one absorbing topic of our own times, is that respecting man's moral ability. This is too recent to have had its place assigned in theological history, and too fresh in impressions, to become a subject of unbiassed and independent inquiry. I shall be content with giving you some disconnected statements of these impressions. I recently saw, in a pretty high-toned Calvinistic periodical, a series of letters, ostensibly written by a clergyman of New England, to a clergyman of one of the Southern States, which detailed an account of the rise and progress of Arminianism, in certain portions of the church. By Arminianism, you will of course understand New Haven Divinity. The writer alludes to one or two sermons, to an interchange of letters, and to certain friendly conversations; as if the 'heresy' originated in the mere expression of sentiment on the part of a certain divine; and as if it was supposed that the evil might have been checked and suppressed by a little timely admonition. I confess, I take very different views of the subject. As it seems to me, the opinions that began to be broached in those days, were a necessary result of the resistless advance of the spirit of the religious age. They were the immediate fruits of those Revivals of Religion, whose influences, deep-taking, heart-stirring, had been scattered through half the churches of our land. The inquiry had broken forth from ten-thousand hearts, What can I do to be saved? That inquiry must be answered. The dormant intellect of theological teachers, was awakened, inquiries more profound that had yet been made, were instituted. An answer was given back to the mass of our fellow beings, who were just beginning to feel their wants, and dream of their powers, that Man can love God. This reply was tremblingly and fearfully made; it was made with many a qualification and many a reserve; but it was made. You are surprised that a subject so simple, so intelligible, so indisputable, should ever have been invested with a single doubt, or should ever have been uttered other than as the freest out-breathing of the soul. Yet when you reflect on the condition of a complex system of faith, and on the inflexibility of doctrinal prejudices, you will not be astonished to know, that the announciation of that opinion spread a sudden alarm amongst the defenders of the faith, and shook the churches of our land from one extreme border to another. The Calvinists in England even, were filled with anxious solicitude; and there came to us, from across the wide waters, many forebodings, lest our free institutions, and our freer inquiries should make a wreck of our faith. As a result, we have an organized division into schools of the New and Old Divinity. You are aware with what severity of feeling and act, the opposition between the two has been characterized. You know Dr Beecher, that venerable man, whose eloquent appeals and untiring devotion, in the cause of religion, and humanity, have left an impression in his own New England which no vicissitudes of time shall obliterate, and which no prejudice of sect shall debar us from gratefully acknowledging; that man at an age when the mind seeks for satisfaction in the retrospect of the past, and would compose itself for the calm reception of a higher summons, has been called before an ecclesiastical tribunal to confront the charge of heresy; and he must acquit himself or go to his grave with a stain upon his faith, and a blight upon his surviving influence. And more than this; the vaults of the dead have been entered and searched for testimony against him. A letter written with the freedom of friendship, and sealed in the confidence of honorable secresy, having been smuggled into publicity, was industriously circulated, that higher measures of suspicion and odium might accumulate upon him. This is not a solitary case. You will call to mind the trials of Mr Barnes, and the recent excision of a large branch of the Presbyterian Church from the rights and privileges of that order,—and the end of these things is not yet.

Why is all this? Because some men have ventured to teach, that God has endowed men with the power of loving him. A precious conclusion, you exclaim, at once hope-fraught to man, and most honorable to God. But you feel not the thraldom of creeds: your spirit rejoices in Christ's own liberty, and love. The mass of Christians have no realization of this delight of freedom. When such a sentiment is promulged, some in their piety, are filled with consternation for the fate of Christianity; others, in their bigotry, array themselves for the defence of their creed; some in their ambition, seize the occasion to insinuate their unrighteous schemes; while very many in their ignorance, hope to subdue the evil by the terrors of an ecclesiastical verdict.

That some good has resulted from this discussion, I shall not pretend to deny. In repeated instances the inquiring mind has been relieved, and a masterly power has been put into the hands of the preacher of truth. But the subject about which the controversy has been held, man's ability to love and obey God, you think admits of no possible dispute. This is the common sense sentiment, I had almost said, of all mankind. What then have been the substantial points of the controversy? Indeed I can hardly tell. Yet to what a height has it ranged, how subtilized have been the speculations, how embittered the recriminations how disastrous to the peace of the church, have been the constant results. This controversy may soon pass away. By what one it will be succeeded, it is perhaps of little consequence to know. The existence of creeds is an ever present occasion of vehement disputes. If the issue, in any case, should be a rebellion against the creed and a prostration of its authority, who would weep for the overthrow. But alas, the creed, like certain ancient laws, never changes though the fabric of society be rent, and though men rush together in violent conflict, or separate in implacable opposition. You, W——n, rest in quiet, under the heaven-wide and sun-lighted canopy of our faith. No menace of future ill, no perplexities of doctrinal dispute, no prospect of friends alienated, or of Christian brethren suspicious and inimical, depress your religious emotions, disturb your high hopes, or intimidate the freedom of your inquiries. Could those who are passing to your 'better land,' resist the prejudices, and subdue the fears, which ever and anon beset them, they might be happy with you.

Truly yours, CLEANTHES.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'YE HAVE NEED OF PATIENCE.'

What more appropriate motto could be inscribed on the Phylactery of the Sunday School Teacher than this? I would earnestly recommend these words of the apostle to every one who has the religious charge of the young, and I would say to such an one, in the language of Solomon, 'bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.' What counsel can be more reasonable and precious to us than this, 'ye have need of patience; that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.' We have need of many things, as Teachers—we need faith, we need piety, we need perseverance, that we may not be 'weary in well doing,' but above all, we 'have need of patience'—patience like that which dwelt in the soul of Jesus Christ—we must have patience to watch the movements of the young minds which are entrusted to us—patience to bear with *their* impatience. Their spirits are young, curious, restless, ever roving, on the wing of fancy—and we must watch them as patiently as the child himself watches the bee glancing from flower to flower, or as the eager fowler watches the skimming bird in the sky. We must deal gently with them—we must seem to follow even while we lead them; we must not suffer the strugglings of their minds against the strings of discipline to excite in us inconsiderate passion—we must remember when we were children, and try for the time to be children again—our patience, no doubt, will often be sorely tried. Their thoughts will often be anywhere but in the region where our own are, and where we wish to lead them. Yet we must not lose our patience—we must follow them with a gentle step and a steady eye in their wanderings. Their thoughts may 'wander through eternity,' but they cannot wander out of the bounds of the kingdom of God, and we must learn to draw from every quarter into which their minds may carry them, a moral which shall interest their hearts. You will say, this is a task which it would require an angel to accomplish—be it so, but let us aspire humbly to do what we may. It demands no ambitious straining of our powers—Christ says '*suffer* little children to come unto me.' There is that in the exemplary Jesus and in his precepts and promises, which will commend itself to the natural affections of the child, if we will only let the image of Jesus rise before them—wherever their thoughts may be, if we can only present before their eyes that disinterested and suffering friend, their hearts will be won by him. Let us not seek to drive the child to Jesus—but to draw him—and to draw him, by bringing Jesus near. This will require in us something of that meek patience which Christ himself exhibited—that readiness to enter into the feelings of those who could sympathize in the dearest emotions of his own bosom—which could so long bear with those who were 'slow of heart to believe' his most earnest expressions—that patience which turned a mild eye on Peter—which reigned in the judgment hall of Pilate, and which beamed out from the gloom of the cross, at the words 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Yes we have need of a patience of this kind. Though our patience may never be tried by 'the contradiction of sinners,' as our Savior's was—our patience will be tried by wandering thoughts, by undisciplined wills, inconsiderate wishes on the part of the young—and we must bear with all and strive to turn all to the best account. For one sign of impatience or indifference in us, may undo the effect of an hour's teaching. We must, ourselves 'become as little children,' not indeed in understanding, but in heart—nothing is so important, if we would control others minds as that we should govern our own. Self-government alone can make us meek and lowly—meekness and lowliness alone can give us patience. Patience alone can secure us an entrance into the heart of the child—and unless we so gain an entrance into his heart—our labor is hard indeed.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 2, 1837.

CLIMAX *vs.* CHARITY.

We copy the following from the *Catholic Herald,* a weekly publication, published in Philadelphia. It would appear that the Frenchman's climax, of immortal memory—from *magnificent up to pretty well*—is not to be permitted to descend to posterity without more than one eminent rival.

PRESBYTERIAN ELOQUENCE.—The subjoined is a good example of the rhetorical ladder, called climax, which we take from a late number of one of the Presbyterian papers of this city, and which shows that there is an 'art of sinking' in prose as well as in poetry.

'And now, permit me to say, Mr Editor, I rejoice to be a Christian Minister—I rejoice to be a Presbyterian—and I rejoice to be a member of Flint River Presbytery.'

We remember to have heard of a similar employment of this figure—almost equally beautiful and pious as that already produced—by another Presbyterian preacher, in a letter written a few years since. The letter-writer was quartered on the good people of Harrodsburgh, Kentucky.

——'Brethren, we ought to thank God that we are not in——Hell!—We ought to thank God that we are in this world!!—We ought to thank God that we are in the free States of North America!!!—We ought to thank God that we are in Kentucky!!!!—We ought to thank God that we are in Harrodsburg!!!!!'—[*Catholic Herald.*]

It is but fair to say, however, that there is one point of view in which these rare specimens of Rhetorical art, are redeemed from their ridiculous semblance: which is, that the truly grateful mind knoweth not where to begin nor where to end in enumerating its causes of thanksgiving; but regards the least favor as the greatest and the greatest as the least, and all as infinitely worthy of gratitude, when contemplated in connexion with the ever adorable FOUNTAIN OF BLESSINGS, and the meanness and worthlessness of the worm that receives.

Another remark too, runs down, *per se,* to the tip of our pen. There is a certain sly thrusting at our *Presbyterian Brethren* in the examples narrated and coupled together by the good humored Papist, that does not altogether suit our fancy or love of the truth. Not that we have a single suspicion that the instances

recorded are not literal facts. On the contrary we do not doubt that, to be a member of Flint River Presbytery or of any other Presbytery is esteemed glory enough by multitudes, and the very *best* and *safest* estate in Christendom—but, because it does not seem to us to be quite fair to charge this *comfortable* feeling on account of *mother church*, &c, or the very innocent habit of *committing bulls*, particularly to the *American Presbyterian*, be he quartered at Harrodsburg or Flint-River. For ourself—though we are not one of the most strenuous friends of Presbyterianism, nor yet so bitter as some whom we could name against the Catholics—we should esteem it quite as great an honor and cause of thankfulness to hail from *Flint River* as from the banks of the Tiber.

And we presume that no good Catholic would sneer at the man who, beginning any where this side of the eternal throne, should make the *Imperial city the top of his ladder*.

In fine, it never could be in our heart to quarrel with or sneer at any man in this cold world, who had heart enough to overflow with thankfulness for his lot—spiritual or temporal—Such a man is above ridicule. His heart is an altar before which the dome of St. Peter's sinks into insignificance. His title to descent from the Rock of the church is clearer than his, who sits in the Apostle's chair. His hand holds the true key of Heaven.

We have never heard of but one sort of thankfulness that deserved rebuke and scorn—and that was of the man who blessed God that he was not as other men are, &c, &c, and that he *fasted twice in a week*.

May all of us Christians, of whatever name and nation be kept from *Rhetorical blunders*—but still more from Pharisaical self conceit, and contempt of our fellows!

AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY, WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE.

We learn that a new meeting house erected by and for the first *Baptist Church and society in Beverly*, was publicly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Thursday last, and that all the ministers in town were specially invited to attend; while the services on that interesting occasion were performed by clergymen of *three different denominations*. And what is truly an extraordinary circumstance—amongst those who officiated, was an esteemed Unitarian friend and brother, Rev. C. T. Thayer, Pastor of the First Parish Church in that town.

This fact speaks volumes in testimony of the decline of prejudice amongst Christians in this vicinity.

Only allow to all denominations who profess to honor and love *Christ*, and to build upon that great and only foundation, (though their *superstructure* be no better than *wood, hay, stubble*) the name of *Christians*, and grant to them the privileges and the respect that are due to the most humble and unworthy disciple of Jesus,—and the will of Christ is done,—the union of his followers consummated—and the course of his kingdom to its final and full establishment in the world is right onward, rapid and sure.

And certainly our Baptist friends in Beverly have made a noble sacrifice of prejudice and bigotry, and in a most signal manner. For there cannot be any more solemn and distinct mark of respect to a minister, and acknowledgment of his authority as an ambassador of Christ, than to invite his counsels, prayers and assistance in consecrating a House of Worship, or in ordaining a man to the holy office of a minister of the New Testament.

We hope that this act of courtesy will be heartily returned at the next, and at every Dedication or Ordination that may take place among Unitarians.

FOUNDATION FOR THE RELIGIOUS BENEFIT OF PHYSICIANS.

It has often been remarked—with what reasonableness we know not—that the Medical Profession has furnished a very large proportion of *Infidels*; and still further that there is some peculiar tendency in the studies and practice of the Physician to the creation of scepticism.

In the same connexion we have heard it stated that it is comparatively a rare thing for a *Lawyer* to be a doubter of the truth of Christianity—because, being accustomed to examine and weigh evidence—he is enabled and compelled to perceive and admit the immense number and strength of the arguments for the divine origin of our holy religion. It is to be hoped that the latter statement is true—it ought to be. But—with all respect to gentleman of the law be it said—we have as yet, seen no reason to give to the members of their calling any credit for faith or piety, at the expense of our brethren of any other profession, trade or business.

That Lawyers are *capable* of estimating the validity of the Christian proof—is no evidence that they will take the *pains to examine* it: and indeed *every man of sense* is *able* to estimate its validity.

The fact is, that there are far too many tendencies to scepticism to be found in the *habits* and *characters* of men in all classes and conditions, to give to any one class occasion for boasting over another. While at the same time, no honest employment—be its relations what they may—has any other intrinsic tendency except to lead the pure and reflecting mind to the Sun of truth and the Life of righteousness.

The *body* as well as the mind is fearfully and wonderfully made, and full of proofs of the skill and power of Deity, and of evidences of a law of retribution, which the observant eye of the Leech cannot overlook. And the scenes of the soul's grand, fearful and joyful experiences, which the Physician continually contemplates in the chamber of sickness and of death, are surely witnesses to his heart of an hereafter, and of the infinite needs of the spirit—of the power of conscience, and the value and beauty of a faith in Christ.

Instead of there being any necessary tendency to the production of infidelity in the study and practice of the healing art—(we do not say in the *practices* of many Physicians) we have rather been disposed to apply to the follower of Æsculapius, that which has been well said in relation to the Astronomer—that 'undevout' he 'is mad.'

But be the fact what it may—it gives us pleasure to learn that an English Divine—*Rev. Dr Warnerford*—with a special view to the spiritual benefit of the members of *the Faculty*, has presented to the School of Medicine and Surgery of Birmingham, the magnificent donation of £1,000, the interest or dividends of which to be awarded annually to the essay, by a medical or surgical pupil of the Institution, 'On the attributes of God, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and manifested in the structure of man, from demonstrations of surgical and medical science, and on religion being the best foundation of medical and surgical practice, and affording the best prospects of professional success.'

MR GREENWOOD'S SERMON AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. J. T. SARGENT.

Weeks, Jordan and Co. have published this sermon, together with the Charge by Dr Tuckerman, and Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. F. T. Gray.

Nothing that we might lay before our Readers would possess equal interest with the following extract from the sermon.

And now, if there are to be preachers, a class of well prepared religious instructers, let me inquire, and still with an eye to the main question of permanence, WHERE *are they to preach?* A general answer will be, wherever there are hearers, and in whatever place those hearers may be most conveniently and effectively addressed. There has been preaching, sometimes from choice, but oftener from necessity, in the depths of solemn woods;—and why not in those 'God's first temples,' where heaven makes dread music with its winds along the columned aisles, and the moving branches speak the word of nature in high consent with the word of God? There has been preaching in rocky caves, where dimness inspires awe, and the trickling moisture, falling drop by drop, intimates the passage of human moments,-and leads the thoughts from measured time and transitory life to measureless eternity. There has been preaching, chiefly in the first ages of our faith, preaching in silent tombs, when the living, persecuted and hunted, were obliged to borrow room of the ancient dead, and in their gloomy halls, and surrounded by their monitory bones and dust, strengthen themselves in a faith which defied death, and in allegiance to a Master at whose word the dead live, and the living live for ever. Many and various have been the places in which the word of Christ has been preached. But men, undisturbed, uninfluenced by peculiar excitements or wants, and dwelling *together* in towns and villages, have built churches for the ministrations of the word and the purposes of public worship, and will continue to build them. They are rallying places for the friends and lovers of religion. They are *nuclei*, around which devotional sentiments may cluster and cling; central points, toward which the rays of religious affections tend, and from which the influences of religious associations emanate. They who hear, must have houses in which they may meet to hear, meeting-houses.—Turn to our extensive and fast filling west. In its thinly settled places, men in their solitary families, rude as we may think them, crave the word, crave preaching; and when they multiply and form villages, they do not wait long before they rear churches in which they may hear preaching.—Look at the course of our ministry at large. It is one of the instances of that good sense and strict attention to the signs of our nature, which have marked that course from the beginning, that provision was made almost from the commencement by its beloved projector, for stated assemblies of those who were providentially brought under his charge. He saw, and his friends saw, that though the weight of his labor must lie in visiting and exhorting from house to house, and ministering to private wants and woes, he must also have *a house of God to preach in*; a house in which numbers might be collected at once, and addressed at once, so that they might hear in an hour—precious is time!—truths which it would take days and weeks to distribute to them individually; a house in which the feelings of community and fraternity and sympathy should aid the effect of what they might hear; a house in which family might meet family, and in which memory and association might perform their wonted offices; a house which should be called and esteemed sacred—the centre of the mission, the meeting-house of the people, the visible fold of the toil-gathered flock. The fruit of these just thoughts appeared in the erection of the little chapel in Friend street. Small and humble as it is, I never pass the spot on which it stands without a mental thanksgiving. Modest mother of poor men's churches! Lowly and plain, but beautiful and holy cathedral of charity! Blessed is the work which thou hast witnessed and fostered! Thy walls are slight, and must soon be removed, but thy form will remain in the memories of many who have been taught in thee, and be associated with the image of the poor man's friend.

Does not a similar importance belong to all our churches? What can a minister do without his church? Comparatively but little. What can a people receive without their church? Comparatively little. It is true that they may sometimes go to it listlessly or even reluctantly, but equally true that nothing could supply to them the loss of it. Without churches the Sabbath might fall into desuetude; order would suffer; religion would languish. Call it church or call it meeting-house—both names mean the same thing—you must have a place to which you may statedly bring your serious thoughts, and your holy memories, and your devout affections, and by the hand your children; in which you may meet your neighbors and fellow probationers who have come in the same manner, and in which you may unite all together in offering praise and prayer, and hearing the voice of the preacher.

And WHAT *shall the preacher preach?* I answer, and again with a view to permanence, that which has been always preached—ever old and ever new—ever to be repeated and ever needing repetition; and never trite or wearisome to the attentive spirit, or void of healing efficacy to the broken and contrite spirit. Tiding whidh were glad ones long centuries ago, and which now are very glad—tidings of pity, of deliverance, of love, of hope, of glory; the mercy of God the infinite; the free salvation through Christ the Savior—these are the tidings which, with some variations of form and circumstance, are to be published now and published while the world lasts, to rich and poor. 'The spirit of the Lord God is upon me,' said Isaiah, and a greater than Isaiah appropriated the words to himself, 'because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek.' And what better tidings are to be preached now. Paul before Felix, 'reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;' and on what greater themes can any of us reason now? Amidst all the pretension and grandiloquence which is the foible of the present age, we can reason of nothing more important and vital than righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;—and God grant that we reason of them with something of the power with which Paul did! Paul preached Christ and him crucified; and on what more interesting and touching, what more exciting and thrilling topic, can we now discourse, and pour out our hearts? We may take this for certain, that while any frailty and any sin, while any humility, gratitude, love, remain on earth, Christ and his cross will be the dearest of themes to the frail, the humble, and the loving. If one says to me, By the grace of God, I have found a new, or a hitherto neglected mode of bringing old truths to bear on some minds which had under their old forms repelled them,—I hope most sincerely that he is right, and cordially do I wish him success in his work. But if one complains to me, We want some superior and essential truth, never yet communicated to or by man, before we can do anything; or if another boasts, I have got a great and effectual truth never before revealed by men or angels, and with it I will do everything,—in general I have no power to answer a word, but remain in silent musing and amazement.

And if these ancient subjects of the Law and the Gospel, be the subjects to be presented before men now and always, *how* are they to be presented?—*how* must the preacher discuss them? In few words I reply, that the preacher must preach very much as his predecessors have preached—those of them, I mean, who have in any degree deserved the name of preachers. Not that he is, in servile mood, to imitate the best of them; but he is not to imagine that they are so wholly outstripped, obsolete, and left behind in the intellectual and moral march, that he can learn nothing from them, and is only to despise and surpass them. Let him not be so unjust to the learning and eloquence which have shed their light over the past. Let him not be so confident in his own powers of invention. His style may vary in some respects with the taste of the age, with the peculiarities of his own temperament and constitution, and with the capacity and wants of his hearers, but the essentials of manner must in all times be the same. Man has ever the same human mind, and the same human heart. To the human mind must the preacher address himself by the power of reasoning, to the human heart by the powers of sympathy and persuasion. A new kind of a flourish may do for a while, but only for a while. Directness and simplicity will resume their sway. New cates and dainties may answer for a season, but the natural and healthy appetite will return, and it will certainly demand the plain bread of life, and be satisfied with nothing else.

Dr H. Ware's sermon before the Evangelical Missionary Society on Sunday evening last, was decidedly one of the most powerful, and direct, as well as beautiful and affecting expositions and commendations of the duty of Christians to associate themselves for Missionary effort, that we have ever heard. It not only left the heart in a glow; but the reason also, clearly enlightened and convinced. Accurate statements of the spiritual necessities of the New England Churches—which had been collected with much care—were presented, and several plans which had been wisely matured, were suggested for their relief. These, it would be highly agreeable to lay before our readers at length—but many of them will soon have an opportunity to listen to the discourse itself—for Mr Ware has consented, at the request of the Society, to repeat the sermon in several of the principal Parishes in Massachusetts—And afterwards, it is our hope that it will be printed and widely circulated. We earnestly commend the Sermon, and the interests of the Society, in whose behalf it was prepared, to the notice of our Readers throughout the State—and hope that it may be the pleasure of all those Parishes whose members feel any concern in the excellent cause of maintaining the ministrations of our holy religion in feeble and destitute societies, to send a particular request to have the same good and convenient word, repeated to them also.

We would merely add that it was stated by Dr Ware that there are 31 parishes of our communion in New England, and principally in Massachusetts, that are unable to support preaching for more than a part—and some only for a very small part, of the year.

The Collection amounted to about 225 dollars.

N.B. Any person may become a member of the Society by paying annually into its treasury the sum of two dollars.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NOAH WORCESTER.

Mr Editor—I think you stated in a late Register, that, in the Spring, the remains of this venerable man would probably be deposited in Mount Auburn cemetery, and a monument be erected to his memory. This ought to be done. I hope it will be done. But there is something else I am equally earnest should be done;—viz. that a well-written and faithful memoir of Dr Worcester's life and writings should be given to the world. Such a volume would be accounted a treasure by his numerous friends; and it would be highly interesting and instructive to multitudes. I am hoping that he has himself prepared such a work by which to benefit mankind, when he is gone. If he has not I hope some intimate friend of the Doctor, and some friend to truth, peace and charity, will feel constrained to undertake the work.

He needs not our poor eulogies, but we need the edification of his long and useful life. Many need to be told how much can be done and has been done for religion, for peace, for humanity, by one man. N. R.

Nov. 24.

We have been informed that Dr Worcester had been engaged for several months preceding the time of his death in preparing an *Autobiography*, which will probably be published—and is full of interesting and valuable matter.

A CONSIDERABLE MISTAKE.

One of our exchange papers of the other day, contained this sentence.

'The following tribute to the memory of the venerable Noah Worcester, is extracted from a sermon, preached the Sunday after his decease, by the Rev. Dr Channing.'

The announcement filled us with surprise; for we happened to know that the sermon of Dr C. was very safe from pilfering hands. Of course our astonishment was increased, upon finding that the extract was credited thus:—[*From the Christian Register.*]

The matter, however, soon explained itself.

We published last week, an extract from a sermon preached on the Sunday after Dr Worcester's death, signed C. Now C. stands for Channing, and Dr Channing is known to have preached as above; ergo, he must have written the *Extract &c.*, in the Register. This was doubtless the train of reasoning in the mind of the editor of the paper alluded to.

We are very sorry to be compelled to knock down such a beautifully supported deduction, by a merciless little bullet of a fact.

The article was written by our excellent brother, the Rev. LEMUEL CAPEN, of South Boston.

We are heartily glad that the style and sentiments of the extract have been observed and appreciated;—for (it may be allowed, after what has transpired, to say as much)—for one, we regarded the piece as an ornament to our columns.

While we are upon this subject, it may be proper to state, that the Biographical Notices, which were partially promised to the readers of the Register, from the sermon preached by Rev. Mr Austin, of Brighton, on occasion of Dr Worcester's death,—were, by particular request, given up by us, in order that Dr Channing might use them in preparing the *notes* to accompany his admirable discourse on the life and character of Dr W.,—which discourse is now in press, and will shortly be published by J. Dowe.

We have received a copy of the eloquent Address delivered by Gov. Everett before the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association on occasion of their first Exhibition and Fair, and regret that there is no space left this week, for an extract.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications have been deferred on account of the necessity of making up this Register on TUESDAY. They shall appear next week.

The CIRCULAR from Plymouth County shall have place in our next. It has been in type two weeks.

The publisher of the '*Sacred Offering*' requests us to mention that he has in press another work of a similar character by the same author.

The TEACHER'S PRESENT is the title of a little book of 144 pages, which will appear about the 15th inst. It will contain Tales and Poetical articles by Sunday School Teachers, and is designed as a cheap present from the teacher to his pupils.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The lecture on Tuesday Evening next will be delivered by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H. at seven o'clock.

Tickets may be had at the door.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS. SUSANNAH F. GOULD.

Died in South Boston on the 15th ult. Mrs Susannah Foster Gould, wife of Mr Abraham Gould, 71.

It is seldom that one is taken away, more universally beloved and esteemed, than the excellent lady, who forms the subject of this brief notice. Mrs. G. possessed in an eminent degree, those qualities of mind and heart, which adorn humanity, and excite the most profound respect and admiration.

Endowed by nature with strong intellectual capacities, cultivated and improved with as much assiduity as the stormy and troublesome times during which her early youth was passed would permit, she became possessed of many of the most valuable attributes of an intelligent and gifted mind. Sound sense, deep penetration, unerring judgment and unconquerable firmness, were distinguishing traits of her intellectual character, and which won for her to an unmeasured extent the confidence of all who enjoyed her friendship.

But her religious attainments were of the most exalted kind. The seeds of heavenly goodness were early cast into the ground of her spiritual nature, and protected by the genial influences of those who were themselves eminent for their piety and excellence, they took deep root, and yielded most abundant fruit.

The developements of that precious faith which she so early and so long professed and maintained were in the strictest accordance with the characteristics of her mind. Her mind strong, clear and intelligent, the faith of the Son of God enthroned itself in her heart only in its calm, natural, rational and charitable aspect. Devoted through a long pilgrimage on earth, to the undivided service of a faith thus pure, its generous promises were deeply realized when her honored life was drawing to its close.

The sufferings and infirmities of protracted illness, and the certain approach of the King of Terrors himself were unable to subdue or overwhelm the sweet serenity and peacefulness of her passing spirit. And when the dark cloud of dissolution came with its broad shadow shutting out all of life but the memory of that life's holiness and usefulness, it was to her but the glorious harbinger of an immortality of blessedness.

But now that she has indeed descended to the tomb, and the voice that so long poured its instructions forever hushed in death, the hands that have so often smoothed the pillow of sickness now motionless with decay, the heart that so often forgot its own sorrows, in its christian sympathies for the distressed and afflicted, now ceased to beat, and the beauty of her christian, maternal example no longer exhibited, many are made sad by the separation, and feel a loss that can never be remunerated.

But they have the strongest assurance in their hearts that their loss, is her everlasting gain. For the foundations of her character, although laid on earth, the superstructure will be reared and completed in Heaven, and it will forever abide there, for it was builded on the Rock of Ages.

INTELLIGENCE.

Troubles in Canada.—We referred last week, briefly to some serious political troubles in Canada. We gather from the papers, the following further particulars, in regard to arrests, and the resistance made to them.

At 8 o'clock in the evening of the 16th, a party of eighteen of the Montreal Volunteer Cavalry under the command of Lieut. Ermatinger, was despatched to St. Johns, via Langueil and Chambly to arrest two obnoxious individuals at that place, Dr D'Avignon and Mr Demaray. Having effected their object, they set out on their return to Montreal about 3 o'clock in the morning. On their way they were opposed by about 300 men, many of whom were armed with rifles and muskets, and protected by a high fence on each side of the road.

The party in advance on attempting to pass, were fired upon, and compelled to fall back upon the main body, and Lieut. Ermatinger was wounded with duck shot in the head and shoulder, and several others of the party were also wounded, some severely. The prisoners were rescued.

The Montreal Herald of the 23d, gives the following further information respecting the obnoxious individuals referred to in the preceding paragraph.

We have seen a letter from St. Armand which mentions that Dr D'Avignon and Mr Demary, who were rescued from the Volunteer Cavalry, have taken up their residence at Highgate, a few miles across the line 45, where a number of the rebels who expected that warrants would be issued against them, have thought it prudent to retire. The carters who drove Dr D'Avignon and Mr Demary to the States were arrested, and fifteen letters found in their possession, which were immediately forwarded to the Attorney General, and it is expected that some important information may be obtained from them.

Respecting the more recent state of things, we learn the following facts from the Herald of the 23d.

The Northern Mail of yesterday brought us the Montreal Herald of the 23d inst. Papineau and O'Callaghan, the leaders of the movement party or patriots, as they call themselves, were at St Charles on the 21st, where they have taken possession of the old Fort, which they are repairing and provisioning.

Later from Canada.—The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press of the 26th inst. has the following paragraph.

By the steamboat Franklin, which arrived at 9 o'clock this morning, we learn that an engagement has taken place between 200 of the British recruits and the Canadians, at St Dennis, in which the latter were successful. The loyalists lost sixteen, killed and wounded, and two brass pieces. Capt. Malcom is reported as mortally wounded. The patriot loss was not known.

It appears that the patriots have made a stand at St Charles, about 30 miles below Montreal, and are repairing an old French fort. Their number is stated at two thousand or more, and well armed, and furnished, and that they have eight brass pieces. On Wednesday, a detachment of eight hundred regulars, and three hundred volunteers, left Montreal with the intention of breaking up this post. The result is as stated above.

On Thursday night a steamboat arrived at Montreal, bringing the bodies of the slain, when a new detachment consisting of the entire regular force in the city, was immediately despatched down the river.

Destruction of the Unitarian Church in Prince street, by Fire.—Between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning, the Unitarian Church, [Mr Dewey's] at the corner of Prince and Mercer streets, was destroyed by fire; nothing but the naked walls being left standing. It was erected in 1826, of stone and brick, stuccoed, with a portico and columns of the Doric order in front. The fire originated from the furnace. About three years ago, the building very narrowly escaped destruction from the same cause.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

The Daily News states that the Unitarian Church which was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, was insured for $12,000, besides $3000 on the Organ. The policy would have expired at noon on the day the fire occurred. We learn from the paper above mentioned, that the Library belonging to the church and the private library of the Rev. Mr Dewey, pastor of the congregation, were both saved, though considerably injured.

Mitchell, and the schooner Blooming Youth.—A slip from the New Orleans Bulletin, of the 18th inst. contains a narrative of the capture of the Blooming Youth by the revenue cutter, near Mobile. It seems that the vessel has been detained partly on account of suspicions which were entertained of Mitchell having been concerned in the reported capture of the Susquehanna, and partly on account of suspicious circumstances disconnected with that rumor. It seems that the vessel cleared from Norfolk, and put into Georgetown, S. C. and afterwards sailed with nine men for Key West, and subsequently to Indian Key, her men having been increased to eighteen. It does not appear that there is any very direct proof of her having been concerned in any thing unlawful. —*Daily Adv.*

A Wedding and a Funeral—Rarely does it fall to our lot to record a more remarkable act of Providence, than that of which we are now called to speak. We yesterday announced the marriage of the sister of our friend Alderman Peters, at his own house, and this day we record the death of his estimable wife—a lady beloved by all her acquaintances for her domestic virtues and other excellent qualities—an event, as we are informed, almost coincident with the marriage. She was in her accustomed health and spirits, during the morning, and after the marriage ceremony was engaged in putting up parcels of the wedding-cake for her friends. Feeling suddenly ill, she went to her bed, and as she rested her head upon her pillow—expired! The coincidence is as touching as the bereavement will be deeply felt by her numerous family and friends. How sudden the transition! A cypress wreath for the wedding garland! The theme is one for the muse of Mrs Sigourney.—*Com. Adv.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Frothingham, Mr Francis Curtis, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Levi Bliss Esq.

In this city, on Thursday 23d ult., by Rev. Mr Dean, Gardner Greenleaf Esq. to Miss Rebecca J. Caldwell.

In this city, Mr Cyrus Wentworth, to Miss Mary Ann Lane; Mr Henry Hilt, to Miss Eliza S. Libby.

In this city, Mr James I. Tucker, to Miss Caroline Urann; Mr Henry Price to Miss Sarah, daughter of Aaron Everett

In Roxbury, on the 21st ult. by Rev. Mr Putnam, Mr Seth H. Barnes, of this city, to Miss Maria L. Brinley, daughter of Francis Brinley Esq of Roxbury.

In Quincy, 16th inst. Joseph W Robinson, Esq. to Miss Abigail S. Adams, both of Q.

In Rindge, N. H. Mr Horace A. Breed, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Brown.

In Bangor, by Rev. Mr Maltby, Mr Harry Q. Andrews, of New York, to Miss Esther P. daughter of Peleg Chandler, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, on 25th ult. Miss Ann C. Akarman, only daughter Mrs Ann B. Akarman, formerly of Portsmouth, 20.

In Sherburne, 13th ult. after a long and distressing illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Miss Polly Hurd Flagg, daughter of Mrs Abigail Brown of that place, 47.

In Providence, on Sunday, of consumption, Rev. John Waterman, 25.

At his residence, at Rosemont, Md., by a fall from his horse, on the 24th ult. Dr Joseph Kent, Senator of the U. States, and formerly Gov. of Maryland.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. on 22d ult. after a long illness, Hannah B. wife of John Frost, formerly of Salem, Mass. 29.

PROPOSALS for publishing a new periodical to be called, THE BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW, and devoted to Religion, Politics, Philosophy, and General Literature. O. A. Brownson, Editor.

The Boston Quarterly Review is intended to be an independent Review. It is not established as the organ of any sect, party, or school. It avows no creed but the creed of progress. Its pages will be open to the discussion of all subjects of general and permanent interest, and whoever has a word he would utter, may claim the right to make it his organ of utterance, providing, his word, in the judgment of the Editor, be not without significance, and it be uttered with spirit, earnestness, in good temper and good taste.

Conditions.

The Boston Quarterly Review, will be published in numbers of 123 pages 8vo each, on the first of January, April, July and October, and will make a volume of 512 pages a year, which will be furnished to subscribers for *three dollars* payable on the receipt of the first number.

The first number will appear on the first day of January next.

Subscriptions received by the Publisher, BENJAMIN H. GREENE, 124 Washington st.

Boston Dec. 2 1837.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES.—Just published, A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants. By John Williams, one of the London Missionary Society. In 1 vol. octavo. Illustrated with engravings on wood, by Baxter.

Also, just published, Ernest Maltravers, by Bulwer, in 2 vols, 12mo. Lionel Wakefield, a novel in 2 vols. The Court of Rome, translated from the French, 1 vol. For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st. 2d

REV. DR PARKMAN'S SERMON.—The Spirit of the Christian Ministry: a Sermon delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. John Parkman, in Greenfield, Oct. 11, 1837, by Francis Parkman, DD. Just published, for sale by

d 2 JAMES MUNROE & CO.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Counting House Manual; or the Merchant's Banker's and Tradesman's Assistant, by B. F. Foster, Accountant.

Outlines of a History of the Court of Rome and of the Temporal Power of the Popes. Translated from the French.

The Christian Professor addressed in a series of Counsels and Cautions to the Members of Christian Churches. By John Angell James.

A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands, by John Williams.

Science made Easy; for young people, illustrated with numerous wood cuts, for sale at the Library Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. d 2

NEW and Beautiful Annual for 1838.—*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility*: a series of highly finished engravings, executed under the superintendence of Mr Charles Heath, from drawings by Alfred E Chalon, Esq. A. R. A. and other eminent Artists. With illustrations in Verse, by distinguished contributors. Edited by Miss Fairlie First series, containing the portraits of children of the following individuals: His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Wilton, Viscount Canterbury, the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury, Sir Wm. Somerville, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Lord Lyndhurst. For sale at TICKNOR'S, d 2 Corner of Washington and School streets.

NEW BOOKS.—Rory O'More, 2 vols;
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Tales from the German, 2 vols;
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Lionel Wakefield, 2 vols;
History of the Court of Rome
Memoirs of Aaron Burr, 2 vols;
The Young Wife, &c. &c.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
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PEARLS OF THE EAST.—A few copies of this magnificent work, colored and plain. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
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NEW MEDICAL BOOKS.—Elements of Surgery by Robert Lyston, 'Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons,' &c. &c. 1 vol 8vo.

Treatise on Insanity, and other disorders affecting the Mind—by James Cowles Prichard, M.D F.R.S.

This day received at TICKNOR'S,
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WM. D. TICKNOR. Agent, has just received a large variety of BOOKS, in elegant bindings, English and American, among which are, Milton's Works, 3 vols—Rogers's Poems and Italy—Book of Gems—Naturalist's Library—Aldine editions of Kirke White, Milton, Wyatt, Beatie, &c—Heman's Poems—Bryant's do—Sigourney's—Fenelon—Channing's Works—Coleridge, Shelly and Keat—English miniature editions of Paradise Lost, Goldsmith, Cowper, Milton, Thompson—Tales of Wonder—Lay of the Last Minstrel—Domestic Happiness—Marmion—The Pearl—Gray's Poems—Falconer's Shipwreck—Young's Night Thoughts. Also, Moral of Flowers, Language of Flowers, &a. &c.

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LAMB'S LIFE AND LETTERS, by Sergeant Talfourd, author of 'Ion,' and

Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan, are now issuing in Waldie's Select Library and Omnibus.

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THE YOUNG WIFE. The Young Wife, or duties of Woman in the Marriage Relation, by Wm. A. Alcott, author of the Young Mother, Young Man's Guide, and House I live in, and editor of the Library of Health. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. n 18

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

[Translated from La Martine's 'Death of Socrates.']

SOCRATES PREPARES HIS FRIENDS TO LISTEN TO HIS LAST WORDS.

Full oft, my friends, you know, since earliest youth,
Some Genius, in my head, has whispered heavenly truth;
A future world revealed; its laws made known;—
Dwelt there a God in each mysterious tone?
Was it some friendly shade from realms above,
Knit to my soul by sweet and secret love?
Was it an echo from the future caught?
Was it the muse, whose presence bards have sought?
I know not—but I know, that kindly friend,
As with swift steps, I near my journey's end,
No longer *whispers* in my spirit's ear,
But *speaks* henceforth in accents loud and clear.
Whether it be—all sensual tumults o'er—
The soul more calmly listens, than before,—
Or whether, like the swan, as night draws nigh,
That spirit pours a richer harmony,—
Or whether, (likelier far) my hovering soul,
The past forgetting, as it nears life's goal,
Fixed henceforth on the coming world alone,
Catches from that near world, each faintest tone;
As oft at eve, the wave-tost seaman hears,—
Whilst to the welcome port he anxious steers,—
Lond voices from th' approaching shore arise,
Though all is darkness to his straining eyes.
Thus do I feel that unseen spirit near;
His words are ever sounding in my ear;
To-day his voice alone possesses me—
Then listen! friends, 'tis no more I—'tis he. . . .

C. T. B.

MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Ah! what is life? a little bloom;
Sweet looks and converse sweet beguile:
Anon, the winding sheet and tomb
Are all that's left of bloom and smile.
About my heart green mem'ries throng,
Of joys that whilom tarried there;
Poor heart! thou could'st not keep them long,
As 'winged dreams' they winged were.

As one who, when the sun goes down,
Still lingers on the rosy west,
Shaping the shady clouds, to crown
Some vision of the dreamer's breast;
So I, in mem'ry's sunset sky,
Do shape and fashion things as bright;
And build me bowers, that seem to lie
Beyond the reach of woe and night.

He was there in the prison, but the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy. . . . And whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. . . . And that which he did the Lord made it to prosper.

Art thou contented, say,
Where God, hath bid thee stay?
Is not thine heritage a goodly land?
Do troublous times draw near,
And fails thine heart for fear,
Lest in our Zion's breach thou see her foemen stand?

Oh, lay thy cares aside!
If God with thee abide,
No place is irksome and no labor vain;
Strive thou to gain his love,
He shall thy way approve,
And make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

Cleanse thou thy heart from sin;
Seek purity within;
Guard well thy steps, as in thy Master's sight;
Blame not these evil days,
But chant thy hymn of praise,
And yield thy will to His who orders all aright.

So, though thy lot be cast
Even with the worst and last,
Mysterious blessings shall surround thy way;
Peace shall thy paths attend,
And in their prosperous end
Thine eye shall see the promise of a brighter day.

THE CHURCHMAN TO HIS LAMP.

[From Lyra Apostolica.]

Come, twinkle in my lonely room,
Companion true in hours of gloom;
Come, light me on a little space,
The heavenly vision to retrace,
By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
My Mother's glories ere she fell.

There was a time my friendly lamp,
When, far and wide, in Jesus' camp,
Oft as the foe dark inroads made,
They watched and fasted, wept and prayed;
But now, they feast and slumber on,
And say, 'Why pine o'er evil done?'

Then hours of prayer, in welcome round,
Far-severed hearts together bound.
Seven times a day, on *bended knee*
They to their Savior cried; and we—
One hour we find in seven long days,
Before our God to *sit* and *gaze*.

Then, lonely Lamp, a ray like thine
Waked half the world to hymns divine,
Now it is much if here and there
One dreamer, by the genial glare,
Trace the dim Past and slowly climb
The steep of Faith's triumphant prime.

Yet, by his grace, whose breathing gives,
Life to the faintest spark that lives,
I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our Father's armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bathed on high.

And may thy guidance ever tend
Where gentle thoughts with courage blend;
Thy pure and steady gleaming rest
On pages with the Cross imprest.
Till, touch'd with lightning of calm zeal,
Our Fathers' very heart we feel.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIMEPIECE.

'Now!—It is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!'

—*Coleridge.*

ON A CLOCK IN CHEAPSIDE.

'What now thou dost, or art about to do,
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue;
When wav'ring o'er the dot, this hand shall tell
The moment that secures thee heaven or hell!'

—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Chambers' Edinburg Journal.]

THE LOST FLOWERS. A Scottish Story.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farmhouse of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair haired children came bounding over a stile to her side, and clung affectionately around their late attendant. 'Oh, Jeanie, what for maun you gang away? Mamma wadna let us see you out on the road a bit, but we wan away to you by rinnin' round the stack yard.' Jeanie stood still, as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said, 'Marian, you should have mair sense than to come when your mother forbade you. Rin away back, like gude bairns,' continued she, caressing them kindly; 'rin away hame. I'll may be come and see you again.' 'Oh, be sure and do that, then Jeanie,' said the eldest. 'Come back again, Jeanie,' cried the younger ones, as they turned sorrowfully away.

From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jeanie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more modest and kind-hearted creature, perhaps, never drew the breath of life. Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the Cotter's Saturday Night—she had conducted herself, in the several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire uniformly their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant, and of this class was Mrs Smith, of Drylaw, a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as but sordid workers for the penny fee. To such a person, the timidity and reserve which distinguished Jeanie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that Jeanie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.

Her destination, on departing from her late abode, was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Edington, and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerful though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair, but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple love-vows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long-cherished wishes of their hearts. A *but-and a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jeanie Gray on her way from the farmhouse of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the revivified trees cast their shade over her path, the merry lark rose leapingly from the fields, and the sparrow chirruped from the hedge at her side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into union with the pleasing influences. Yet ever and anon a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unseen, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed, 'Jeanie!' and a well-known form started up from a seat on the way-side. It was William Ainslie. The converse which followed, as the bethrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we cannot, and shall not attempt to describe.

After Jeanie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady, in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding cap; an ornament, regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jeanie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present! but let us not anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader then suppose the festive occasion ever in decent order, and the newly married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner, on the following day. William had been at his work that morning, as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh, how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression. 'I maun be a truaut, Jeanie, to-night,' said the husband. 'My comrades in the shop maun hae a foy frae me, since we couldna ask them a' to the wedding, ye ken.' 'Surely,' said his wife, raising her timid, confiding eyes to his face, 'whatever you think right, William; I ken you are nae waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you.' 'I hope you'll find me nae waster,' returned her husband, smiling; 'nor am I fear'd for you turning out ane, either, Jeanie lass, though you was sae very braw about the head last night.' By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers, which had adorned her wedding cap, and which were lying on the top of her new stand of drawers at the moment, Jeanie saw to what her husband alluded. 'Oh, the flowers!' said she, blushing; 'they didna cost me muckle, William.'

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Smith, of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her goodman. Whether curiosity had full as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jeanie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to take a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas, how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs! The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation, when Mrs Smith's eye happened to be caught by the boquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner. 'Jeanie,' said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, 'I did not expect to find my flowers lying there—say not a word—I see it all—you have been a *thief*—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house!'

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder stricken pair. Jeanie, as already mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly towards him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks. What thought William of all this? His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's; and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of her matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—insensible!

It was rather late, from a certain cause that has been already alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs Smith's accusation, she having been an eye-witness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady. 'Take care o' Jeanie, William,' said the sister in law; 'she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her.' This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul. 'Oh William, you believe it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!' was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell, after two or three days illness, into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and, on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life, great firmness and self-command, and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate hastiness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Jeanie with the abduction of her flower, Mrs Smith, of Drylaw, found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rosebud in the little garden nigh the farm-house, had lighted upon the artificial boquet in her mother's dressing room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found, and Mrs Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guiltless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Elsington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Jeanie's death; and on Mrs Smith's entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth, with his sister-in-law, and another kind neighbor, bearing him company. 'Oh—by the bye—those flowers!' said the unwelcome visiter, in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating, 'how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them, after all!—in a rose-bush in the garden, where Jemima had put them. And now I am come to say that I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over.'

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and now raising his finger towards his lips, he approached and took Mrs Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved towards the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visiter. The women drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife shrouded in the cerements of death, and lying with the pale uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily is but too true. The little we have to add is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the burial of his Jeanie, William Ainslie departed from Elsington; and what were his future fortunes, no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she still lives to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumstances will have an influence on her future conduct, and be not without its moral efficacy on the minds of our readers.

SENSIBILITY TO MUSIC.

The published fact of the female who died from hearing too much music, we do not imagine to be well known in this country; we therefore give a sketch of it taken from the Surgical Repertory of Turin. A woman, twenty-eight years of age, who had never left her village or heard a concert, was present at a three days fete in 1834, and dancing was carried on to the sounds of a brilliant orchestra. She entered into the amusement with ardor, and was delighted; but the fete once finished she could not get rid of the impression which the music had made upon her. Whether she ate, drank, walked, sat still, lay down, was occupied or unoccupied, the different airs which she had heard were always present, succeeding each other in the same order as that in which they were executed. Sleep was out of the question, and the whole body being deranged in consequence of this, medical art was called in, but nothing availed, and in six months the person died without having for one moment lost the strange sensation; even in her last moments she heard the first violin give some discordant notes, when holding her head with both hands, she cried 'Oh! what a false note, it tears my head.' We have heard of another instance of this in an aged person, who, from the year 1829, has the greatest difficulty in going to sleep, because he every evening feels an irresistible desire to hear an air which belongs to the mountains of Auvergne. He has tried reading aloud, thinking deeply, and several other means to get rid of it, but it is of no use, he is invariably forced, mechanically, to utter the words in the idiom of the Auvergne. We ourselves have seen the most alarming effects produced upon children by music to which they were unaccustomed, and fevers ensue in consequence.—*London paper.*

Edible Birds'-Nests.—On entering the harbor of Cali Pujang, says Mr Earl, I perceived a small hut, perched upon the steep side of one of the heads, and upon making an inquiry concerning it, was informed that it had been erected for the residence of the men who guarded the *sarong burung* (birds' nests,) which abound in an extensive cavern in the immediate vicinity, this hut having been constructed at the mouth of one of these subterraneous recesses.

The manufacturers of the nests, so greatly in esteem in China, are small swallows, which are supposed to collect the glutinous substance of which they are composed from the sea. The nests resemble small tea-saucers in form, the rim being about the size of that of a tumbler. The best, that is those collected before the eggs of the bird have been laid, are of a light red color, and nearly transparent, bearing almost a perfect resemblance to isinglass, except that they are rather more brittle. China is almost the only market for this delicacy, the nests being greatly in demand throughout the Celestial Empire, in consequence of their supposed nutritious qualities. They are of three different degrees of excellence, and the the best kind is sold in China at the rate of nine shillings an ounce. When used for culinary purposes, they are dissolved in water, and made into a tasteless soup. I have eaten them several times at the table of rich Chinese, but must confess that they did not strike me as being at all agreeable to the palate: in fact, it is difficult to distinguish the slightest flavor. The collection of these nests is a work of danger and difficulty; they are taken periodically, and it is necessary to station proper persons at the mouths of the caverns to prevent the birds from being disturbed by intruders.

Brilliant Surgical Experiment for the cure of Consumption.—An operation has been successfully performed in Exeter, of the utmost importance to the medical profession, and of still greater interest to persons laboring under pulmonary complaints. A young man of the name of Tucker, had been afflicted for nearly two years with an abscess in the lungs, which had increased to such a height that his case was deemed utterly hopeless, and he came to Exeter for change of air. Mr Tucker, surgeon of that city, having about seventeen years ago, performed a successful operation on the mother of this young man, and as she is now alive and well, he naturally made application to him, and consented to submit to have an incision made in his side. Mr Tucker having, by means of the stethoscope, ascertained the seat of the disease, most skilfully performed it in less than three minutes, when a quantity of matter amounting to upwards of a quart, or 33 ounces imperial measure, issued from the orifice. His cough had been most harrassing and incessant—not being able to place himself in a reclining position for fear of suffocation, being in constant pain; and he had no rest for more than nine months. He bore the operation with great fortitude, and is in a fair way of doing well.

Female Sexton.—Sunday morning Mary Marshall, of Silsey, an old woman of very strange manners, aged 79, was found dead in her bed at Lincoln. Mrs Marshall had been 50 years a widow, during which time she had lived in her house by herself, refusing admittance to any one. Although very penurious in her own habits, she feasted upwards of a dozen cats every day at her table. Living in a remote part of the town, her house was about eight years ago broken into, when she, with the most extraordinary courage, kept the three burglars at bay for a considerable time; but being at last overpowered, they robbed her of a large sum of money, principally in gold coins, but she never ceased her exertions till she found them out, and caused their conviction at the assizes. Mrs Marshall filled the office of sextoness to the parish for 40 years, during which time she had never been once absent from duty until the day she died. The parishioners, finding that she was not at her post, broke open her door, and found her dead. She has left a large sum of money.

Vegetable Wonder.—There are now exhibiting in Carlisle two gourds, grown at Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle. The circumference of the larger is 5 feet 10 inches, and weighed, when cut, 115 lbs; the other, grown from the same shoot, and within a few inches of it, weighed 84 lbs, and measures, in circumference, 5 feet; the weight of both together being 199 lbs! The larger of these monstrocities was measured accuratcly every morning and evening, and was found to increase about an inch and a half every 24 hours: and it may be mentioned as rather singular, that its increase was generally nearly twice as much through the night, as during the day.

'A Weather Almanac,' for the year 1838, by Mr Murphy, who predicted the late destructive gale at Liverpool, and on the Welsh and Irish coast, on the 13th and 14th ult. and other similar occurrences, with wonderful accuracy, is, we understand, at present in the press—being the first experiment of the kind, on scientific principles, ever made.

Statistics of free Colored Persons.—The number of free colored persons at Philadelphia, is estimated at 25,000: their real estate $850,000: they have 15 churches, 35 clergymen of different sects, 21 schools, 27 Sunday-schools with 125 teachers, 64 benevolent societies, 4 temperance societies, &c.

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